SECRET EMPIRE™

BRAVE NEW WORLD

MARVEL

#3

★ EXTRA ★

FINAL **DAILY BUGLE®**

NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER

SINCE 1897
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SPECIAL EDITION

THOUSANDS MISSING!

VILLAINS STORM MANHATTAN! CITY LEFT IN SHAMBLES!

Disaster Shelter Directory -Page 2

Manhattan Trapped Beneath Mysterious Barrier -Page 3

Mayor issues Date of Emergency -Page 7

FISK OFFERS SUPPORT AS CITY BREAKS DOWN.

New York City may have found an unlikely hero in Wilson Fisk... cont'd on page 3.

Absent Marvel

As the city faces one of its most devastating, it's hard not to notice the absence of heavy hitters like Captain Marvel A.K.A. Carol Danvers.

Recently appointed as the commander of Alpha Flight cont'd on page 5.

THE DAILY BUGLE • STARBRAND • THE INVADERS

SECRET EMPIRE

BRAVE NEW WORLD

When a Cosmic Cube transformed liberty's greatest defender, Steve Rogers, Captain America, into the ultimate Hydra sleeper agent, the world turned upside down.

Now, the world's most powerful heroes are stranded beyond Earth's Planetary Defense Shield, or trapped inside the Darkforce bubble enveloping New York City--and the entire country is under Hydra's control.

The Daily Bugle
"Back in the Fight"

writer - Ethan Sacks
penciler - Marco Lorenzana
inks - Juan Vlasco
color artist - Erick Arciniega
editor - Charles Beacham

Starbrand
"Walls"

writer - Mags Visaggio
artist - Sean Izaakse
color artist - Tamra Bonvillain
editor - Alanna Smith

The Invaders
"Sanctuary" part 3

King Namor has declared Atlantis to be neutral in the surface conflict in an effort to protect his people from the wrath of Hydra. But his plan became more complicated when his old Invaders allies Jim Hammond and Toro, both fugitives, showed up seeking sanctuary. In order to keep his kingdom safe, Namor had no choice but to imprison his friends.

Now, led by the king's cousin, NAMORA, the rebellion against the neutrality has freed The Invaders...

writer - Paul Allor
artist - Brian Level
color artist - Jordan Boyd
editor - Charles Beacham

letterer - VC's Joe Caramagna
cover artists - Paulo Siqueira & Andy Troy

executive editor - Tom Brevoort editor in chief - Axel Alonso
chief creative officer - Joe Quesada president - Dan Buckley
executive producer - Alan Fine

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THE DAILY BUGLE.
MIDTOWN MANHATTAN.

--LET'S FILE FAST, PEOPLE! I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH POWER THE BACKUP GENERATOR HAS LEFT.

THERE'S NO INTERNET. THERE'S NO TELEVISION NEWS. AND PEOPLE IN MANHATTAN ARE SCARED--

"BACK IN THE FIGHT!"

SO, IT'S ON US! IT'S ON *US* TO GET THE NEWS OUT!

WE DIDN'T MISS AN EDITION ON 9/11 OR DURING THE SKRULL INVASION AND WE DAMN SURE AREN'T GOING TO MISS ONE TODAY!

URICH! WHAT DO YOU HAVE FOR ME?

A ROUSING SPEECH BY THE LEGENDARY ROBBIE ROBERTSON!

SO INSPIRING!

HEY, INTERN! WHAT ARE YOU EVEN DOING HERE? HALF THE STAFF STAYED HOME TO SPEND THE END OF THE WORLD WITH THEIR FAMILIES...

GOOD DETAIL, URICH.

WELL, ELEKTRA TOLD ME--

ELEKTRA-WHO-STABBED-YOU-IN-THE-HEART, ELEKTRA?!

WELL, SHE DID OWE ME A FAVOR.

THE QUESTION IS, WHAT DO THESE SUPER VILLAINS WANT WITH--

RRRRRRRUMMMBBLLLEE

WELL, NOT THE MOST ELEGANT OF WEAPONS FOR A MASTER HUNTER--

--BUT I SUPPOSE THAT'S A DRAMATIC ENOUGH ENTRANCE.

NOW, LET'S SKIP TO THE HEADLINE OF THE DAY, SHALL WE?

KRAVEN THE HUNTER!? THIS IS THE DAILY BUGLE! IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO STOP US FROM--

I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOU'RE LITTLE GOSSIP RAG. I JUST WANT A SCOOP... ON *SPIDER-MAN.*

YOUR PAPER HAS PROFITED FOR YEARS OFF THOSE "EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS."

YOU MUST HAVE SOME INSIGHT INTO EXACTLY WHO THE SPIDER IS. AND YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME.

WE HAVEN'T HAD THAT LEVEL OF ACCESS SINCE JONAH JAMESON WAS PUBLISHER

JAMESON...

...AND WHERE CAN I FIND THAT OLD WINDBAG?

OH, NO! UNCLE JONAH!

HEY, WHY THE HURRY WITH SUCH AN EXPENSIVE-LOOKING CAMERA?

DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S NOT SAFE FOR YOU TO BE OUT ON THE STREET?

KRAK

NOT SO SAFE FOR YOU TO BE OUT HERE, EITHER!

WHOA!!!

AS MUCH AS I DON'T LIKE TO AGREE WITH THAT UNCONSCIOUS SLUG, YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T BE OUT RIGHT NOW.

THANKS, SPIDER-WOMAN.

IT'S OKAY! I'M A PHOTO-JOURNALIST OR AT LEAST, I WILL BE...

...ANNND MY MOM MADE ME CARRY A FLARE GUN, A WHISTLE, MACE... YOU NAME IT. I'M PREPARED FOR ANYTHING!

BUT I CAN'T STOP AND TALK NOW, A CLOSE FAMILY FRIEND IS IN TROUBLE...

NICE TO MEET YOU! BYE!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

MR. JAMESON, IT'S--

KNOCK IT OFF, ALREADY! WOULD YOU JUST LET ME DIE ALONE IN PEACE?

WAIT, LET ME EXPLAIN. DON'T SHUT--

SLAMMM!

--THE DOOR! IT'S *JENNY SHELDON*...PHIL SHELDON'S DAUGHTER--

LITTLE JENNY SHELDON? MY GOD, IT'S BEEN...WHAT... MONTHS?

YEARS, ACTUALLY, SINCE MY DAD'S FUNERAL.

YOUR DAD WAS THE BEST PHOTO-BUG I EVER HAD-- EXCEPT MAYBE, PARKER--

I...I MEANT TO VISIT YOU AND YOUR MOM--

THERE'S NO TIME! KRAVEN THE HUNTER WAS AT THE BUGLE. HE'S LOOKING FOR YOU. HE--

SMASHHHHH

MUST HAVE FOLLOWED YOU FROM THE BUGLE...STAY HERE.

NO WAY! I CAME HERE TO HELP.

I'M WARNING YOU. I WAS A GOLDEN GLOVES RUNNER-UP IN MY HEYDAY.

YOUR HEYDAY WAS A LONG TIME AGO.

I WAS PROMISED A SPIDER-MAN TO HUNT, BUT HE'S NOT HERE--

--SO, YOU'LL HAVE TO DO.

NOW, FULL DISCLOSURE, I NEVER LIKED YOU...

GET IN LINE, KRAVEN. YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST CRACKPOT I'VE--

CAREFUL...

...OR TONIGHT'S EVENTS WILL BE USED AT THE LEDE OF YOUR OBITUARY.

LIKE I SAID, I MAY NOT GET THE SPIDER, BUT HE'S FROM HERE. PEOPLE HE CARES ABOUT ARE HERE.

NOW, YOUR OLD FRIEND ROBERTSON DIDN'T... SEEM TO HAVE ANYTHING USEFUL--THOUGH IT WAS HARD TO UNDERSTAND HIM WITH ALL THE SCREAMING.

ROBBIE?! IF YOU HURT HIM...

PLEASE, DON'T EMBARRASS YOURSELF OR OVERESTIMATE YOUR CHANCES OF SURVIVING OUR TALK.

YOU THINK YOU SCARE ME?

YOU'RE JUST A BLOWHARD DRESSED UP LIKE A FAILED VEGAS ACT--

--RUNNING AROUND PICKING ON CIVILIANS! LOOTING! SETTLING SCORES! BECAUSE THAT'S ALL YOU COSTUMED CREEPS WITH YOUR LITTLE MINDS--

"LITTLE MINDS"? *"LITTLE MINDS"?!?* YOU DUMB HACK!

IT'S YOU WHO CAN'T THINK BIG ENOUGH!

WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE IS JUST A SMALL PART OF A GLOBAL CONSPIRACY!

AND I AM AT THE VANGUARD OF A NEW WORLD ORDER! AND--

EH? WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT?

GET AWAY FROM HIM, SIEGFRIED OR ROY!

LITTLE GIRL, I WILL GUT YOU!

YOU MISSED!

I WASN'T AIMING AT YOU...

I THINK THAT WAS MEANT FOR ME.

HEY

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK

CLICK

"PHOTOJOURNALIST"

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK

GAAAAA!

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK

ARE YOU SERIOUSLY TAKING PICTURES RIGHT NOW?!

YAARRRGG!

YOU TWO OKAY?

FIGURES IT'D BE A SPIDER-SOMETHING-OR-OTHER. WHERE'S CAPTAIN AMERICA WHEN YOU NEED HIM?

YOU'RE WELCOME.

GLOBAL ATTACK? WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS INFO TO THE *BUGLE!*

WAIT...YOU WERE BAITING HIM INTO GIVING UP INFO THAT WHOLE TIME?

YEAH, WELL, THEY ALWAYS END UP BABBLING LIKE BOND VILLAINS EVENTUALLY.

SOON.

DAILY BUGLE

IT...IT LOOKS BIGGER THAN I REMEMBER IT.

I THINK... I CHANGED MY MIND.

HEY, DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU USED TO TELL MY DAD WHEN YOU CAME OVER OUR HOUSE FOR DINNER?

AT MY AGE, I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT I HAD FOR BREAKFAST.

YOU SAID, "FIGHTING FOR THE TRUTH ISN'T OUR JOB, IT'S OUR CALLING."

I SAID THAT SELF-RIGHTEOUS CRAP? WELL, THAT WAS BEFORE FIGHTING COST ME EVERYTHING.

NOT EVERYTHING!

GOD, I'M GOING TO NEED SOMETHING STRONGER THAN ASPIRIN TO MAKE IT THROUGH THIS EDITION--

WHAT'S EVERYONE LOOKING AT?

UH. HELLO.

I...I'VE GOT SOME NOTES TO DUMP. IT'S BIG!

AND I'VE GOT A PHOTO YOU'LL WANT TO SEE FOR PAGE ONE!

SOMEONE GET DAREH GREGORIAN ON REWRITE! JONAH, YOU CAN FILE TO HIM.

AND... IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU BACK IN THE NEWSROOM AGAIN.

IT'S GOOD TO BE HERE.

"NOW, LET'S GET TO WORK!"

DAILY BUGLE

BACK IN THE FIGHT

LOW-EARTH ORBIT.
THE SECOND DAY.

THERE IS NO VERSION OF REALITY WHERE ANY OF THIS MAKES SENSE.

SO. I AM LITERALLY THE LAST PERSON IN THE UNIVERSE WHO SHOULD BE HERE. I'M NOT EVEN SUPPOSED TO BE *STARBRAND*.

I'M AN ACCIDENT. A MISTAKE. A COSMIC GOOF-UP TRYING TO MAKE GOOD.

AND I'M STUCK HERE.

OKAY. FUNNY STORY.

NOT ONLY AM I SUPPOSED TO BE EARTH'S DEFENSE MECHANISM, AND NOT ONLY AM I BEING KEPT FROM THE PLANET I'M SUPPOSED TO PROTECT BY A LITERAL DEFENSIVE WALL...

...BUT MY BIGGEST PROBLEM SINCE DAY ONE HAS BEEN CONNECTING WITH PEOPLE.

GETTING THROUGH.

THERE HAS TO BE A WEAK SPOT, MONICA.

WELL, DR. HOPPER HAS IDENTIFIED THREE AREAS WHERE THE SHIELD'S HARMONIC RESONANCE IS UNSTABLE.

SO IS THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO WITH THAT?

LOOK AT THEM.

NOBODY KNOWS WHAT TO DO. BUT IT ISN'T STOPPING THEM.

THEY'RE TRYING. THAT'S WHAT MAKES THEM HEROES.

I GUESS?

CLEAR THE PATH, KID!

COMING THROUGH!

EEP!

ME? I'M JUST IN THE WAY.

THE POWER OF THE STARBRAND IS MEANINGLESS IN THE HANDS OF SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO USE IT FOR.

FIND A WAY TO OPEN THOSE WEAK POINTS.

OKAY, THAT WAS A LITTLE ON THE NOSE.

SO, I'M A PLANETARY DEFENSE MECHANISM FILLED WITH NIGH-INFINITE POWER, RIGHT?

RIGHT. SO, DOPE IDEA.

ALL THAT TALK ABOUT WEAK POINTS, UNSTABLE HARMONIC RESONANCES. LET'S SEE IF I CAN MAKE THOSE A BIIIIIT LESS STABLE.

I MEAN, PHENOMENAL COSMIC POWER, ET CETERA, ET CETERA. RIGHT?

REACH OUT. SUPER-SENSES. FEEL THE REVERBERATIONS AS THEY MOVE ACROSS THE SHIELD.

TIME SLOWS TO A CRAWL FOR ME. FUN POWER TO HAVE AT BASKETBALL GAMES. HERE, I'M TRACKING THE RIPPLES TO SEE WHERE THE PATTERN BREAKS.

THAT'S LESS FUN.

I CAN SEE BETWEEN MOLECULES AND HEAR ATOMS BONDING.

BUT IT'S LIKE THERE'S *NOTHING* PAST THAT SHIELD.

NOTHING AT ALL.

END.

ATLANTIS.

TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW.

YOU WERE RIGHT, KING NAMOR. THE OPPOSITION'S ATTACK ON OUR CENTRAL TOWER WAS A DISTRACTION.

I SAID WHAT I *NEED* TO KNOW. NOT WHAT I *ALREADY* KNOW.

OF COURSE, YOUR MAJESTY.

"THEY TOPPLED THE OPHION GUARD, BROKE INTO THE DEEP CELLS AND FREED THEIR COMRADES..."

"...AND THE SURFACE DWELLERS."

"NOW THEY HAVE ATTACKED THE *ARMORY*. WE BELIEVE THEY'RE AFTER--"

THE WEAPON.

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS:

"SANCTUARY"

part 3

NAMORA!

YOU ARE TOO LATE, NAMOR. *FAR* TOO LATE.

YOU CHOSE THIS PATH WHEN YOU TURNED AGAINST YOUR OWN PEOPLE AND THREW THOSE WHO DARED SPEAK AGAINST YOU INTO THE DARKEST HOLE YOU COULD FIND.

WE *SHALL* CONTROL THE WEAPON. AND--

WAIT-- *CONTROL?* I THOUGHT WE WERE HERE TO *DESTROY* THIS THING. TO BRING NAMOR TO THE NEGOTIATING TABLE.

THEN YOU HAVE BEEN USED, HAMMOND. MY COUSIN KNOWS THERE IS NO ROOM FOR NEGOTIATION. NOT WHEN IT COMES TO THE *SAFETY* OF THE ATLANTEAN PEOPLE.

WHAT ARE YOU THINKING? WHAT'S THE PLAY HERE?

YOU KNOW THE PLAY, TORO.

CHOOM

YOU *FOOL!* YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

MAYBE. BUT I DO KNOW THAT YOU CAN'T LAUNCH A WEAPON WITH NO CONTROLS.

AND I *ALSO* KNOW IT'S TIME WE REALIZED WE'RE ALL IN THIS *TOGETHER*. THERE ARE *GREATER THREATS* IN THIS WORLD THAN EACH OTHER.

SO LET'S LAY DOWN OUR WEAPONS AND--

YOU KNOW *NOTHING*.

YOU INTERFERE WITH OUR SOCIETY, OBLIVIOUS TO THE CONSEQUENCES.

AND NOW, IN YOUR IGNORANCE, YOU HAVE RELEASED A *MONSTER*...

YEAH, YEAH. WE GET IT.

YOU'RE A MONSTER. YOU'RE A *VILLAIN*. YOU'RE THE TOUGHEST GUY IN THE ROOM.

I'M GETTING MORE THAN A LITTLE TIRED OF YOUR SELF-AGGRANDIZING *MALARKEY*, NAMOR.

THE MAN I SERVED WITH WOULD *NEVER* HAVE--

TWOOM

ON THE BRIGHT SIDE... WE'RE *DEFINITELY* ALL IN THIS TOGETHER *NOW.*

WHAT IS THAT THING, NAMORA?

WITH MENTAL CONTROL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL PREPARATION? A WEAPON. WHEN SET FREE WITHOUT THOSE THINGS? NOTHING BUT A *MONSTER.*

FORM A FRONT! DO NOT HARM THE BEAST ANY MORE THAN NECESSARY! WE MUST PUSH IT BACK INTO THE *PIT.*

OR MAYBE *LURE* IT BACK.

COME ON, *LUNKHEAD.*

THAT SHOULD BE FAR ENOUGH.

HERE'S HOPING YOUR U-TURNS ARE *SLOWER* THAN MINE!

COVER THE PIT!

GHAA!

HAVE TO GET OUT OF THIS NETTING BEFORE IT--

--CATCHES UP!

YOU'RE... YOU'RE WELCOME, FELLAS.

IT IS *OVER*, NAMORA.

YES, MY KING.

THIS WAS FOOLISH.

YES, MY KING.

AND *TREASONOUS.*

AND WE BOTH KNOW THE PUNISHMENT FOR TREASON, YOUR MAJESTY. PER ATLANTEAN LAW, I FORMALLY REQUEST THE HONOR OF A *PUBLIC* EXECUTION.

EXECUTION? HEY--

YEAH, LET'S EVERYBODY JUST CALM DOWN, BEFORE WE--

SILENCE, OUTSIDERS!

MY COUSIN... THIS IS TRULY WHAT YOU WANT?

THE QUEEN OF THE DEEP SHALL NOT *DIE* IN A *PRISON TRENCH.*

AS YOU WISH.

TO BE CONTINUED!

NEXT:

SECRET EMPIRE

BRAVE NEW WORLD

#4

KNIGHT WATCH

ZONE